

# *The* RAILROADERS

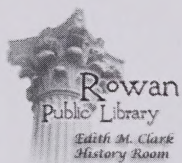
1947







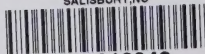




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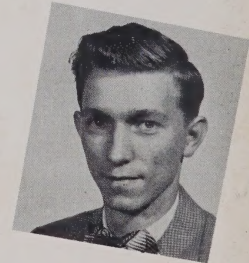
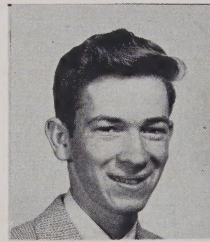
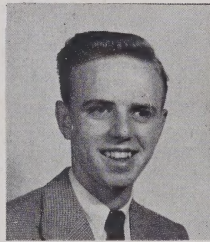
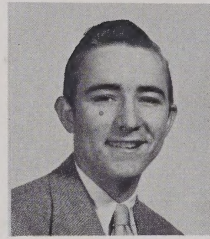
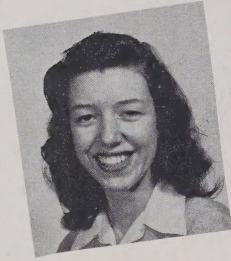
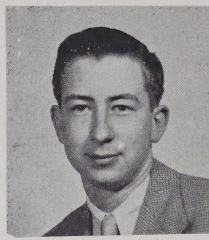


## FOREWORD

The class of 1947 will not only remember this year for the memorable experience of graduation, but also for the final milestone that marks the conclusion of all our yesterdays and introduces us into a world of tomorrows. We wholeheartedly believe this book to be an edifice symbolizing the disappointments as well as the pleasures, which we have experienced during our twelve years of school life. As we travel life's onward journey, the shadows along the way will be lifted as we refer with reverence to this book of memories.

The Seniors publish this, "The Railroader," not with a feeling of egotism, but with a firm satisfaction that we have worked with something bigger than ourselves. Although the many hours spent in preparing this book have not all been fruitful, we can earnestly affirm that they have been enjoyable.

We sincerely hope that this book of memories will be an inspiration to strengthen the determination of the underclassmen to carry on this project which we have begun.



## RAILROADER STAFF

GOLDEN SHARPE.....Editor-in-Chief  
 BOB MOSER.....Literary Editor  
 PETE LIVENGOOD.....Art Editor  
 SAM RYAN.....Business Manager

TILLMAN DUNCAN.....Asst. Art Editor  
 JOYCE WEANT.....Asst. Art Editor  
 BETSY CAIN.....Literary Editor  
 SARAH BROWN.....Sports Editor  
 JACKIE WEANT.....Snapshot Editor

BILL HARRISON.....Snapshot Editor  
 BETTA RICHARDSON.....Asst. Art Editor  
 JEAN HARRIS.....Assistant Editor  
 JEWEL WILSON.....Managing Editor





## DEDICATION

To those who so unselfishly gave their lives in defense of the ideals of democracy, who by their supreme sacrifice hallowed such institutions as their Alma Mater from whence they gleaned these ideals, and who ventured uncharted horizons to advance the freedom of democratic institutions throughout the world, this book is humbly dedicated by the Senior Class of 1947.

### The Honor Roll of Spencer High School

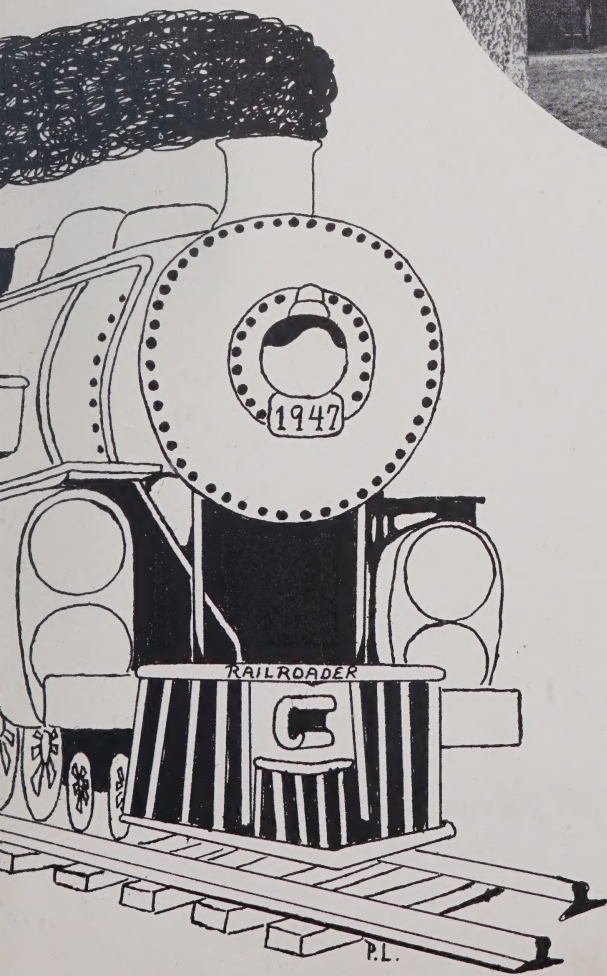
Lieutenant Jack A. Hutchins  
C.P.O. Boyd Burdette  
T/S Robert Gordon  
PFC Baxter Holder  
Captain Mack Little, Jr.  
Corporal Quincy Moore  
Sergeant Fred Renfro

S1/c Milton Weatherford  
Captain Maurice Cooke  
C.P.O. Rozelle Poole  
Lieutenant Marvin Sink  
Lieutenant Edgar Vick  
Private Jimmie Gobbel

# The Railroader

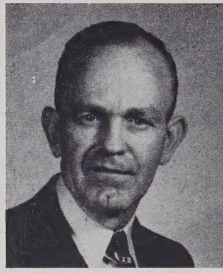






Published by  
**SENIOR CLASS**  
SPENCER HIGH SCHOOL  
SPENCER, N. C.

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MR. M. L. ROWLAND  
*Principal*



MRS. EVELYN TICHENOR



MISS PAULINE ELLER



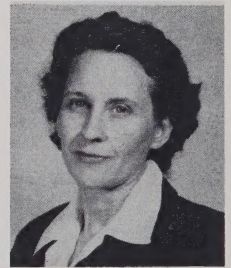
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MISS RUTH SATTERWHITE



MISS MARIE BARRIER



MRS. JULIA CHILDRESS



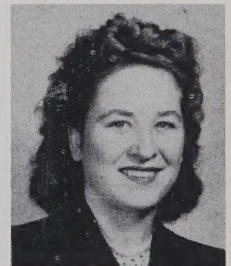
MISS CLARA DAVIS



MR. FRED HOLT



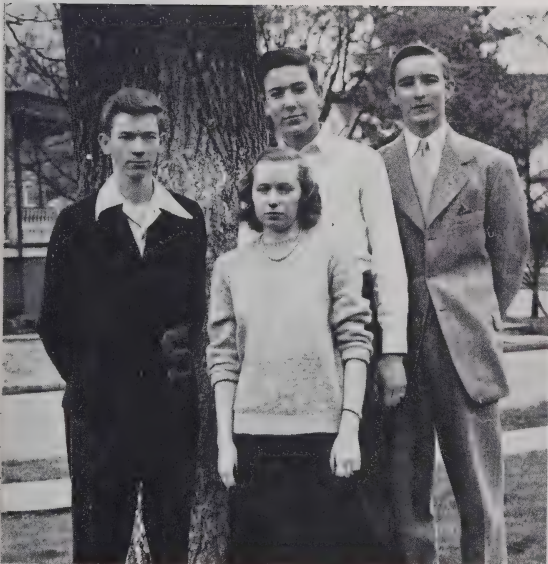
MR. E. R. RADKE



MRS. DOROTHY THOMPSON



# SENIOR CLASS '47



## OFFICERS

President.....	JAMES HINKLE
Vice-President.....	VERNON RYAN
Secretary.....	JEAN HARRIS
Treasurer.....	BOB MOSER



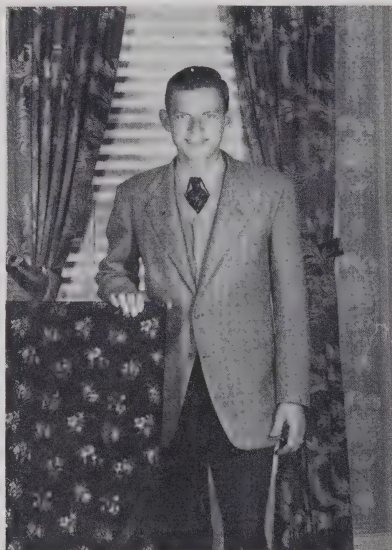
### SARAH BROWN

*"Happiness shared is happiness doubled."*

Basketball 3, 4; "S" Club 3, 4—Secretary 4; Monitor 1, 4; Student Council 4; F. H. A. Club 1, 2, 3, 4—President 2; Beta Club 3, 4; Quill Club 3, 4—Feature Writer 4; Cheerleader 4; Pep Club 3; Annual Staff; Junior Class Play; Superlative—"Most Courteous."

### CECIL BECK

*"Act first and think later."*



### EDWARD "ED" BECK

*"If at first you don't succeed, stop; don't make a fool of yourself."*

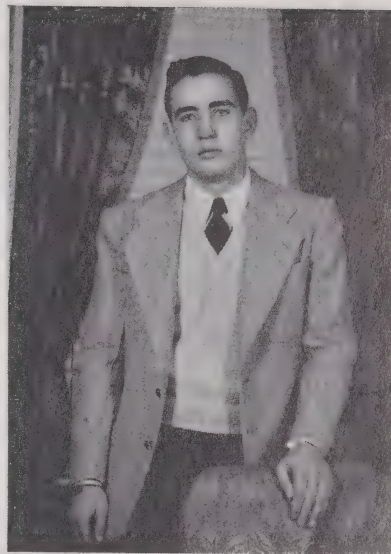
Baseball 1, 2; Football 3, 4; "S" Club 3, 4; Student Council 3.



"DONNIE" BINGHAM

*"One red rose forever."*

Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2; "S" Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Quill Club 2, 3, 4; Sportsmanship Winner '46; Superlatives—"Most Athletic," "Most-in-Love."



"PAT" BRYANT

*"A good laugh is the keynote to happiness."*

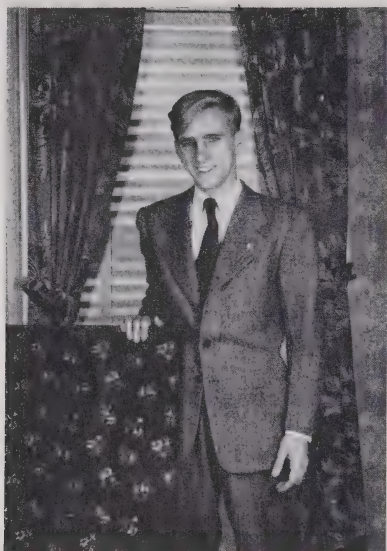
Vice-President of Sophomore Class; Student Council 3, 4; Basketball Manager 3; Pep Club 3; Cheerleader 4; Football Queen '46; Beta Club 4; Superlative—"Most-in-Love."

BETSY CAIN

*"In ourselves our future lies."*

F. H. A. Club 1, 2, 3, 4—Reporter 2, 3, 4; Quill Club 2, 3, 4; School Paper—Assistant Editor 3, Editor 4; Senior Play; Student Council 2, 3, 4; Beta Club 3, 4—President 4; "S" Club 3, 4; Girls' Basketball Team Manager 3; Winner of County Kiwanis Forensic Cup 1; Oratorical Contest 3; Hall Monitor 1, 2; Chief Marshal 3; Annual Staff 4; Class Historian 4; Superlatives—"Most Studious," "Most Likely to Succeed," "Moodiest."





ROBERT BRUCE

*"Live so that, when you die, even the undertaker will be sorry."*

United States Navy.

JUNIUS CORRIHER

*"Always put off 'til tomorrow what you should do today."*

Beta Club 3, 4; Junior Play; Senior Play; Bus Driver 3; Visual Aid Operator 3; Superlatives—"Most Bashful," "Cutest."



SARAH CHUNN

*"What sweet delight a quiet life affords!"*

Quill Club 3, 4; Hall Monitor 3; Study Hall Committee 4; Junior Play Marshal; Superlative—"Quietest."



# JANET COATES

*"Without love, frolic, and a good time, life is nothing."*

Basketball 2, 3, 4; "S" Club 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Junior Play Marshal; Senior Play; Dramatic Club 4; Superlative—"Biggest Flirt."



# VIRGINIA ELLER

*"I'll be happy, I'll be gay, I'll be sad for no one."*

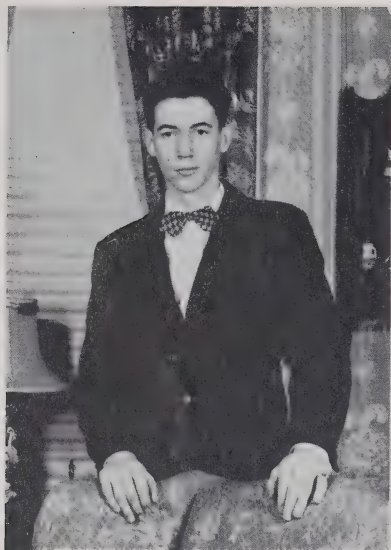
"S" Club 3, 4; F. H. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Quill Club 4; Basketball 2, 3; Vice-President of Freshman Class; Treasurer F. H. A. Club 2.

# GEORGE CRUSE (Post-graduate)

*"Silence is gold."*

Football 4; "S" Club 4; Basketball 3. United States Navy.





TILLMAN DUNCAN

*"If work interferes with my pleasure, leave off the work."*

Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4—Vice-President 3, Treasurer 4; "S" Club 3, 4; Quill Club 3, 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4—Vice-President 3, Representative to Student Council Convention 3, Chairman Assembly Committee 4; Superlatives—"Most Talkative," "Wittiest," "Best Dancer," "Biggest Flirt."

MARION ELLIOTTE

*"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."*

Jolly Eckers 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Superlative—"Most Bashful."



JERRY FRICK

*"Doing what comes naturally."*

Football 1, 2; Basketball 1; Monitor 3; Visual Aid Operator 2.





JEAN HARRIS

*"All is possible for those who believe."*

Student Council 2, 3, 4—Chairman of Citizenship Committee 3, 4; Quill Club 2, 3, 4—Assistant Editor 3, 4; Secretary of Quill Club 3; Beta Club 3, 4; F. H. A. Club 1, 2, 3, 4—Secretary 2, Historian 3; Basketball Manager 4; Secretary of Senior Class; Beta Club Play 4; Junior Marshal 3; Annual Staff—Assistant Editor 4, Senior Class Testator; Oratorical Contest 3, 4; Winner of World Peace Contest 4.



BETTIE NEWCOMB

*"Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today."*

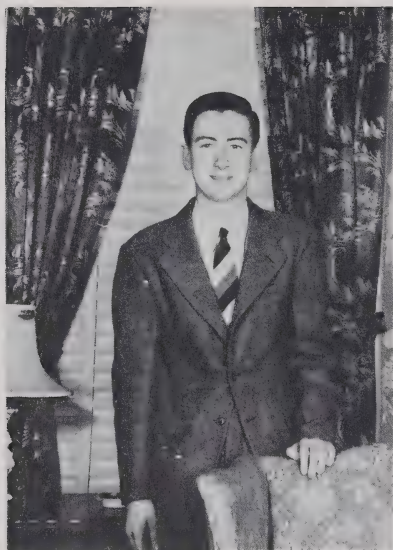
F. H. A. Club 1, 2; Glee Club 4; Senior Play Prompter.

LAWRENCE HALL

*"Do today what you will not regret tomorrow."*

Bus Driver.





BILL HARRISON

*"What is worth doing, is worth doing well."*

Baseball 1, 2; "S" Club 3, 4.

ELAINE OVERMAN

*"Better late than never."*

F. H. A. Club 1, 2, 3, 4.



JAMES HINKLE

*"Either find a path or make one."*

Hall Monitor 2; Student Council 3, 4; Quill Club 3, 4; Bus Driver 4; Senior Class President 4; Beta Club 4; Superlatives—"Most Dignified," "Most Likely to Succeed," "Most Ambitious," "Most Studious."



ANNA JEAN POOLE

*"To thine own self be true; then thou canst not be false to any man."*

Student Council 3, 4; Quill Club 2, 3, 4; F. H. A. Club 1, 2, 3—Song Leader 4; Glee Club 2, 3; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Pep Club 3; Cheerleader 4; Home Ec. Play 2; Monitor 2; Superlative—"Friendliest."



CHARLES LEONARD

*"Eat and be merry, for tomorrow we shall die."*

Football 4; Glee Club 4; "S" Club 4; Vice-President of Junior Class; Superlative—"Friendliest."

BETTA RICHARDSON

*"If God be for us, who can be against us."*

F. H. A. Club 1, 2, 3, 4—Officer 3, 4; Quill Club 1, 2, 3, 4—Officer 3; Student Council 2, 3; Hall Monitor 2; Pep Club 3; Homeroom Treasurer 4; Chairman of Campus Committee 3; Annual Staff 4.





#### MARGARET SELLS

*"I'll be happy, I'll be glad, I'll be sad for NO ONE."*

F. H. A. 1, 2, 3, 4—Secretary 4; Student Council 4; Quill Club 2, 3, 4—Typist 4; Glee Club 4; Hall Monitor 3; Oratorical Contest 4; Senior Play.

#### "PETE" LIVNGOOD

*"A quitter never wins, and a winner never quits."*

Student Council 2, 3, 4—Homeroom Representative 2, Traffic Committee Chairman 4; Quill Club 2, 3, 4—Art Editor 3, 4; Beta Club 3, 4; "S" Club 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Pep Club 3; Visual Aid Operator 1, 2, 3, 4; Monitor 1; Band 3, 4; Junior Class President; Homeroom President 4; Jolly Ecker Play 2; Junior Play; Senior Play; State Band Clinic 3; Junior Marshal; Civitan Citizenship Trophy 3; Senior Class Motto Committee Chairman; Art Editor-in-Chief of Annual; Cheerleader 3; Baseball 1, 2; Football 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Superlative—"Most Conceited."



#### PHANT LONG

*"Speech is silver; silence is gold."*



### GOLDEN SHARPE

*"Smile and the world smiles with you; weep and you weep alone."*

Student Council 2, 3, 4—Student Council President 4; Editor-in-Chief of '47 Annual 4; Editor-in-Chief of "Hi-Life" 3; Beta Club 4; Quill Club 2, 3, 4—Mimeographer 4; F. H. A. Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Pep Club 3; Cheerleader 3, 4; Varsity Basketball 2, 3, 4; "S" Club 3, 4—Vice-President 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Class Testator; Oratorical Contest 3, 4; Superlatives—"Best-All-Round," "Most Popular," "Most Athletic," "Most Talkative."



### DOBBIE McCARN

*"It is best to try and fail, than never to try at all."*

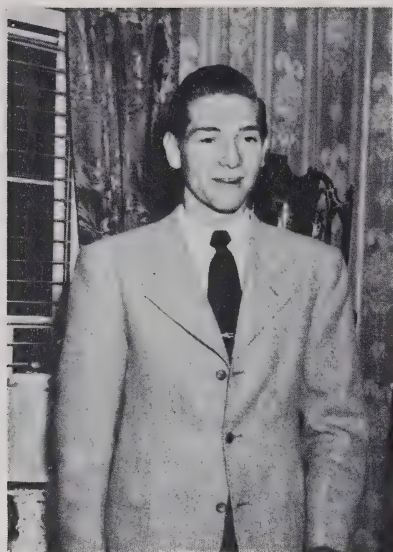
Student Council 3; Visual Aid Chairman 3; Monitor 3; Vice-President of Homeroom 4.

### MONNYE SHELBY

*"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."*

Quill Club 2, 3, 4—Exchange Editor 3; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4—President 3; Student Council 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; F. H. A. Club 2, 3, 4—Secretary 3; Monitor 3; Homeroom Secretary 4; Beta Club 4; Beta Club Play 4; Superlative—"Most Musical."





JAMES MILLER

*"Life is a picture, paint it well."*

Football 3, 4; Basketball 3; "S" Club 3, 4; Senior Play.

ANNE SPAKE

*"Live and let live."*

F. H. A. Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Quill Club 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Junior Play; Manager of Basketball Team; Senior Play; Superlatives—"Most Care-free," "Wittiest," "Best Dancer."



BOB MOSER

*"Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you may have a French test."*

Dramatics Club 2, 3, 4; Quill Club 3, 4; Typist on School Paper 3; Exchange Editor 4; "S" Club 3, 4; Beta Club 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Student Council 2; Homeroom Committee Chairman 3, Campus Committee Chairman 4; President of Sophomore Class; Senior Class Treasurer; Senior Play; Cheerleader 3; Basketball 4; Band 3; Visual Aid Operator 2, 3, 4; Monitor 1, 4; Junior Play; Pep Club 3; Literary Editor of Annual 4; Superlative—"Most Capable."





JEAN SPAKE

*"Turn your face toward the sun, and the shadows fall behind you."*

Cheerleader 3, Captain 4; "S" Club 3, 4; Pep Club 3, 4; F. H. A. Club 1, 4; Superlatives—"Cutest," "Best Personality," "Most Attractive."



GERALINE TRUESDEL

*"Silence is a great peacemaker."*

Quill Club 4; Secretary of Senior Homeroom; Superlatives—"Neatest," "Best Dressed."

JIMMIE NUSSMAN

*"Actions speak louder than words."*

Football 3; "S" Club 3, 4; Student Council 4; Annual Staff 4; Superlatives—"Best Looking," "Neatest."





#### CLAUDE PEACOCK

*"Make life sunny and really worth while by returning a frown with a smile."*

"S" Club 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3; Baseball 2; Superlatives—"Most Courteous," "Most Original."

#### JOYCE WEANT

*"Life is too short to be little."*

F. H. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Member of Executive Board of State F. H. A. 2; Quill Club 2, 3, 4—President 3; Senior Play; Glee Club 3, 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4—Traffic Committee Chairman 2, 3; Cheerleader 4; Assembly Pianist 3, 4; Beta Club 3, 4; Home Ec. Play 3; Hall Monitor 1, 2; Beta Club Play Director 4; Junior Marshal; Annual Staff 4; Superlative—"Most Dignified."



#### RALPH RIDENHOUR

*"Never give up."*

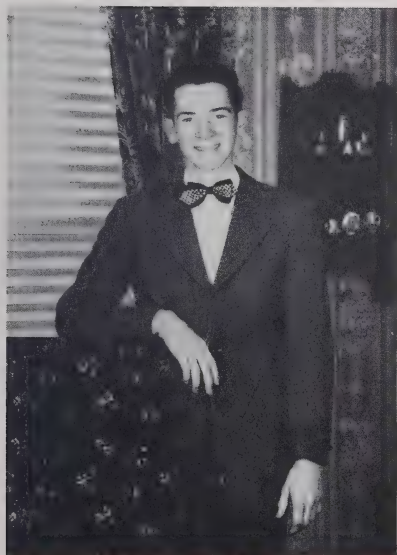
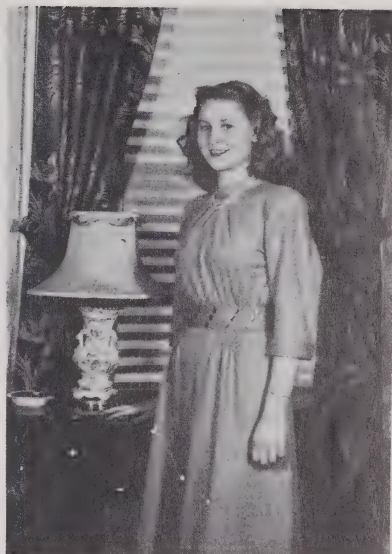
Bus Driver 3, 4; Superlative—"Quietest."



DOT WHEELER

*"An empty wagon makes the most noise."*

F. H. A. Club 1; Glee Club 3, 4.



VERNON ("SAM") RYAN

*"Life is only a dream; don't make a nightmare out of yours."*

Student Council 3, 4; "S" Club 4; Basketball 3, 4; Annual Staff 4; Senior Class Vice-President.

JEWEL WILSON

*"It's great to be great, but it's greater to be human."*

Student Council 2, 3, 4—Secretary 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Quill Club 2, 3, 4—Mimeographer 3, Assistant Editor 4, Vice-President 3, President 4; Beta Club 3, 4—Vice-President 4; F. H. A. Club 1, 2, 3, 4—Vice-President 2, Reporter 3, 4; Class Secretary 3; Secretary of Homeroom 3; Home Ec. Play 2; Basketball 3, 4; Monitor 4; Beta Club Play Director 4; Senior Play; Junior Marshal; Annual Staff; Class Prophet; Oratorical Contest 3, 4; Suprelatives—"Most Ambitious," "Most Dependable," "Most Original," "Most Capable."





#### EMIL SPARGER

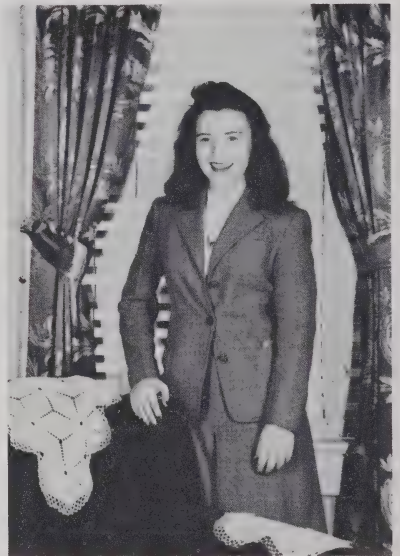
*"Life is what you make it, so enjoy it while it lasts."*

"S" Club; Football 1, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 3; Superlatives—"Best Personality," "Most Popular," "Most Carefree."

#### HILDA YOUNG

*"All that glitters is not gold."*

F. H. A. Club 1, 2, 3, 4; "S" Club 3, 4; Pep Club 3, 4; Quill Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Beta Club 4; Cheerleader 3, 4; Basketball 3; Junior Play 3; Senior Play; F. H. A. Play 2; Superlative—"Most Conceited."



#### LLOYD SWICEGOOD

*"If once you don't succeed, try, try again."*

"S" Club 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Student Council 4; Band 4; Hall Monitor 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Quill Club 3, 4; Visual Aid Operator 2.



JOHN "BUDDY" THOMASON

*"Have patience with the teachers."*

Bus Driver.



GRADY TREXLER

*"Make the best better."*

"S" Club 4; Football 3, 4; Basketball 3; Baseball 3.

JEAN YOUNG

*"Tomorrow is another day."*

F. H. A. Club 1, 3; Beta Club 3, 4; Hall Monitor 2.





JACKIE WEANT

*"Work and strive toward  
a higher goal every day."*

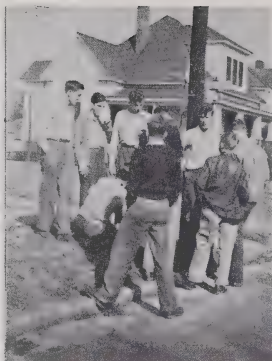
Annual Staff 4.







*Pals*



*Daily Conference*



*Jolly Juniors*



*How's the Weather  
Down There?*



*Then She Said . . .*



*Careful, Simmerson*



*Yea! Wirehead*



*Wow!!*

# SENIOR SUPERLATIVES



*Most Courteous*



*Most Likely to Succeed*



*Friendliest*



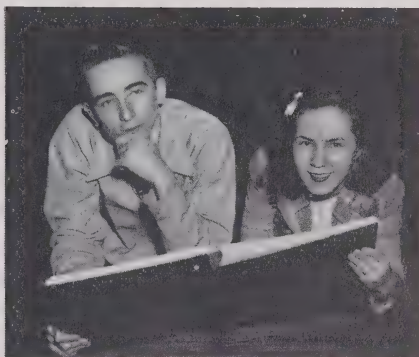
*Best-All-Round*



*Most Dignified*



# SENIOR SUPERLATIVES



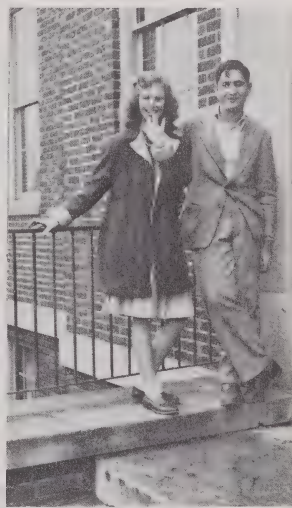
*Most Capable*



*Most-in-Love*



*Quietest*



*Most Bashful*



*Best Dancers*



*Senior Frolic*



*Why So High-minded?*



*Huggin' and Chalkin'?*



*The Gang's All Here*



*A Broad Subject, Ain't It?*



*Waiting for Somebody?*



*Wipe That Grin Off Your Face*



*Campus Flirts*

# HISTORY

May 16, 1957

Dear "Kilroy,"

Today, as I was rummaging through an old trunk, I happened to find my high school diploma. The sight of that coveted sheepskin brought back so vividly all those years in school. So I thought it would be fun to reminisce, even though it has to be by way of pen and ink.

Do you remember our first day in school? I think I shall never forget how excited I was. Mrs. Harris was my teacher, and it was in her and Miss McAdams's rooms that I met my schoolmates for the next twelve years. There are so many things to remember about the first grade, especially the thrill that came when we finally realized that we could read. That was one of the proudest days of my life.

The next two years passed so quickly that they are still hazy in my mind. As a matter of fact, the only memories clear to me are those of my teachers and those of my struggle with the multiplication tables. Our teachers in the second grade were Miss Kerns and Mrs. Barker; while in the third grade, Miss Grubb and Mrs. Carrick were faced with the task of trying to instill a few bits of knowledge into our minds. As for the multiplication tables, I still shudder when I think of my efforts to remember that  $6 \times 4$  is 24 and that  $4 \times 6$  is 24. Do all school children have as much trouble with the multiplication tables as we did?

The next several years, too, seemed to pass very quickly. Do you remember how Miss Gobel and Miss Grubb coached us in the mysteries of geography? And do you remember those puppet shows we gave in the fifth grade? (Especially our performance of "Sleeping Beauty"? ) I'll never forget the tour of Rowan County we made while we were in the fifth grade. Our teachers that year were Mrs. Kesler and Miss Ward. The sixth grade proved to be so interesting that we were reluctant to be promoted and leave our teachers, Miss Geekie and Miss Lloyd.

But at last we were promoted and became seventh graders. To us, that meant just one thing. The next year we would be in high school, or so we thought. However, Fate took a hand in the matter and the twelfth grade was added. Thus we had one more year before we reached high school. In spite of this disappointment, our year in the seventh grade was a happy one, for Miss Clark and Mrs. Hand made it very interesting for us.

The eighth grade did have several advantages. For one thing, approximately 15 new students entered our class. For another, we met the two teachers who were to play so prominent a part in our high school lives, Miss Eller and Mrs. Tichenor. All through that year they labored with us, trying to prepare us for our high school life. At last, the big night arrived! Before an assembly of relatives and friends, we were officially promoted to high school.

Then in the fall of 1943, a very timid and quiet group of freshmen entered the high school halls for the first time. That was we. Remember? Our homeroom teachers that first year were Miss Davis and Mrs. Slate, and without them, I'm sure our freshman year would have been much more difficult. It was Miss Davis who first introduced us to the mysteries of the science lab, and it was Mrs. Slate who gave the freshmen home economics students their first cooking lesson. Mrs. Tichenor and Miss Eller, our eighth grade teachers, were promoted with us, and they, too, taught us that freshman year.

The year that we were sophomores was an exciting one. By then, we were wise in the ways of high school students, and we felt very sympathetic toward the freshmen. We knew how much they had to learn. It was in our sophomore year that we first became active in the clubs of the school. We would go to club meetings and sit quietly, hardly daring to make a suggestion. How thrilled we were when one of the members of our class was elected to a position of authority and honor! Of course, the year wasn't spent entirely in club activities. We still had our studies to keep up, but we no longer felt obliged to work for hours every night. The year passed quickly, almost too quickly. Perhaps this was because of our sponsors, Miss Barrier, Miss Eller, and Miss Williams. Whatever the reason, we soon found ourselves juniors in high school.

There are so many things that can be told about that junior year. The fact that many of our members had become leaders in school activities certainly deserves mention. However, there are two events that stand out in my mind. One is the Junior play, and the other is the Junior-Senior banquet. Under the leadership of Miss Eller and Mrs. Slate, we produced our Junior play, "That's One on Bill." With the money made on this play and through the sale of magazines, we gave our Junior-Senior banquet. What a time we had, deciding on a theme for the banquet; and then how we worked to carry out this theme successfully! For eleven years we had looked forward to this occasion; but, when the big day arrived, most of us were too tired to enjoy it. It seemed as if the year had hardly begun when commencement time arrived. As we watched those seniors receive their diplomas, the thought ran through our minds, "Next year we receive our diplomas." It seemed hardly possible.

Then in the fall of 1946, we entered high school as seniors. No longer timid or shy, but confident with the assurance that comes from the realization that one is a Senior. Remember how happy we were when we learned that Miss Eller and Mrs. Tichenor were to be our senior sponsors? They had given us our start in high school, and it was only right that they should be with us when we left high school. That senior year was the shortest and saddest of all. For the last time we took part in athletics and clubs. For the last time we attended football and basketball games to cheer as members of the student body. Even our studies took on added value when we realized that this was the last year that we would groan under the pile of accumulated work. The day for the Junior-Senior arrived; and, as we enjoyed the lovely party, there was an undercurrent of sadness in that too. We realized this was our last Junior-Senior. The Senior play, "Sunbonnet Jane of Sycamore Lane," was given April 24, and the following May we began to plan for our Commencement exercises. Then, attired in traditional cap and gown, we received our diplomas May 16, 1947. We weren't seniors any longer. We were high school graduates, with our futures still before us!

I like to think of those days now, and to remember all the brave plans we had. Some of our dreams were realized; some never will come true. You must come to visit me, so that we can really talk of our years at Spencer High—some of the best years of our lives!

Your friend,  
Betsy Cain.



# LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

In this year of one thousand nine hundred forty-seven, we, the members of the Senior Class of Spencer High School, being in full possession (we hope!) of our wits and realizing that soon we are to depart into the "vast unknown," do declare on this the sixteenth day of May, the following to be absolutely our last will and testament!

In commemoration, we leave our Alma Mater with all of its cherished memories—some pleasant, some sad—to the ones who shall climb the steps of life's onward journey of knowledge.

To the Junior Class, we leave our distinction of being "dignified Seniors," also our senior privileges, including our places of honor at the Junior-Senior Banquet and our seats in assembly.

To the Sophomore Class, we leave our various positions in the clubs and activities of the school, and also our studiousness and intelligence.

To the Freshman Class, we leave our class unity. With it, this large group of high school infants will be able to pull together and fight to achieve high ideals.

To the Faculty, we leave our sincere and deepest appreciation for its untiring and devoted efforts in guiding us to a more advanced wisdom.

Individually and collectively, we bequeath the following:

I, Cecil Beck, leave my seat in Miss Satterwhite's civics class to anyone who can make better than "C-" on report card.

I, Ed Beck, will one year's credit in French to any "bookworm" who can get another credit to go with it.

To Walter Baker, I, "Donnie" Bingham, leave my chair in English—provided he'll move it to the rear of the room.

To Lorene Trexler, I, Sarah Eleanor Brown, leave my basketball shoes; that is, if they are large enough!

We, Samuel Robert Bruce and George Fisher Cruse, leave our natural blond hair to Fletcher Spear and Charles Harmon, who seem to find it necessary to get theirs from a bottle.

I, Pat Bryant, with all sincerity, hope to leave! And if I do, I wish to leave to one of the rising Seniors my seat in French class (beside Mrs. Tichenor) on one condition—if I'm not occupying it next year.

I, Betsy Cain, leave my place in sociology to any Junior interested in social problems.

I, Sarah Chunn, leave my place in study hall to my sister, provided she can study with someone talking to her at all times.

To Louise Lomax, I, Janet Coates, leave my superlative title of the "biggest flirt," provided she can live up to the reputation as well as I.

To Glenn Cates, I, Junius Corriher, will my French book, provided he uses it to a better advantage than I did.

I, Henry Tillman Duncan, being of weak mind and body, leave nothing behind me, unless it could be my French grades. And at that, no sane person would have them.

To Doris Josephine Miller, I, Virginia Jo Eller, leave my nickname of "Peanut," provided she maintains the respect gained by the departing "Peanut."

To my brother, Larry, I, Marion Elliott, leave my ability to understand English.

I, Jerry Frick, will the rest of high school to one certain Freshman.

I, Lawrence Hall, leave my school days behind.

I, Barbara Jean Harris, bequeath a bit of advice to the innocent. Don't take shorthand and French at the same time. Believe me, you'll find that there is nothing so simple or beautiful as plain English.

I, Bill Harrison, leave my chair in Mrs. Tichenor's first period English class to anyone who wants to claim it.

I, James Hinkle, will "Bus Number 11" to anyone who will have it.

To Spencer Hi School, I, Charles Leonard, will my athletic ability, with the hope that she'll have a better athletic program in the future.

I, Romulus Odell "Pete" Livengood, do hereby, in the presence of my fellow classmates, will to James Harden Hay all the pretty girls left in Spencer Hi, provided he can handle the situation.

I, Thomas Dobson "Dobbie" McCarn, leave—period.

To Maurice Henderson, I, James Miller, will my outstanding ability to pass English.

I, Bob Moser, leave my table in the chemistry lab to anyone who likes to perform experiments, and I don't mean chemistry experiments.

To "Tootsie" Talley, I, Betty Jane Newcomb, leave my English book, provided she can keep it as clean as I did. (Remember, "Tootsie," that comes from never using it.)

I, Jim Nussman, leave my French book to anyone who will take care of it.

I, Elaine Overman, leave my blonde hair to anyone who can keep it clean in *Spencer*.

I, Claude Peacock, leave my cozy corner in study hall to anyone who can make himself comfortable sleeping on the table.

I, Anna Jean Poole, leave my nickname of "Meatball" to any Freshman who can keep it for four years.

To Barbara Campbell, I, Betta Richardson, leave my position as "ways and means" chairman of the F. H. A. Club, provided she can make more money for the club than I did.

I, Ralph Ridenhour, Jr., will "Bus Number 14" to anyone who can drive it safely and come in on time every morning in all kinds of weather.

I, Vernon Ryan, leave to my brother, Eddie, my ability to pass English. Maybe he can use it; I couldn't.

I, Margaret Sells, leave my position in the library to *anyone* who can keep all the books in order on the shelves.

I, Golden Sharpe, in leaving Spencer Hi, also leave my place as Student Council president to George Miller, hoping that he will be able to "carry on" in the year 1947-'48.

I, Monnye Shelby, who never has any typing paper, do will and bequeath all of it to the future senior typing classes.

To Carolyn Thornton, I, Ann Spake, leave my graceful ballet dancing.

I, Jean Spake, leave my privilege of walking to school each day with Gene Simmerson to anyone capable of taking my place.

I, Emil Sparker, leave my many years in high school to anyone who can stand it as long as I have.

To Gene Pierce, I, Lloyd Swicegood, leave my "dainty" feet and towering height, provided he grows a little more.

I, John Lewis "Buddy" Thomason, will my front seat in Mrs. Tichenor's English class to anyone who is willing to accept it and *study*.

To Gene Simmerson, I, Grady Trexler, leave my love for high school, hoping that it doesn't take him nine years to complete his high school career.

I, GERALINE TRUESDEL, leave my place in shorthand class to anyone who has the time and energy to study for two or three hours every night.

I, Jackie Weant, leave my chair in sociology to anyone desiring to hear of the economic and social position of the world.

To Pat Shelby, I, Joyce Weant, leave my position as pianist for assembly, with the hope that she can learn, a day in advance, the names of the selections to be sung.

To Betty Loflin, a rising senior, I, Dorothy Wheeler, leave all my dignity because, believe me, she needs it. Also, to Margaleen Ostwalt, I leave my chewing gum. She will find it stuck under my study hall table.

I, Jewel Wilson, leave my position as secretary of Student Council to anyone who can keep accurate minutes.

I, Hilda Young, leave my cheerleading ability to anyone capable of making the Spencer Hi student body yell!

I, Jean Young, leave my typewriter to anyone who can get budgets to Miss Barrier on time.

We, the Senior Class, will and bequeath to our school our love, loyalty, and devotion.

In the presence of this assembly, we, the testators, have executed and published this codicil in the name of this the Senior Class of Spencer High School of 1947.

JEAN HARRIS  
GOLDEN SHARPE  
Class Testators



1



3

1—The Dinner Hour Gang

2—Stacked !!

3—Glamour Girl—Woo !!

4—Why So Formal?

5—Heights of Laziness!



2



4



5



6

6—Get Together Boys

7—At Ease, Men!

8—How About a Grin, Lloyd?

9—Friends

10—What's Up, Doc?



9

10



# CLASS PROPHECY '47

I stood dumbfounded, gazing stupidly at the things around me. Everything looked strange. I found myself in a large city, which I did not recall ever having seen before. Huge buildings towered over the almost narrow streets, presenting a most unusual picture. But I did not stand thus long, for I was almost lifted up by the swirling mass of people who hurried busily down the street. There was nothing to do but follow.

As I walked down the avenue, I decided to buy a newspaper from the newsboy on the corner. The name of the chronicle was the "DAWN"; and, as I glanced at it, I could see in bold type the words, "Edited by Golden Sharpe." I swallowed twice and began to read. The headlines screamed, "French Ambassador to Return Home," and as I read I found that this ambassador was none other than Betsy Cain, one of my old school chums. Remembering that she was our class choice for "the most likely to succeed," I nodded assuredly. I turned to the society page, where I was amazed to read that Betta Richardson, former missionary to China, was now home and was holding "open house" at her mansion on Long Island before starting on her lecture tour of the United States. I also saw a notice that Tillman Duncan had accepted a position on the staff of "Esquire," writing jokes. That, in itself, was a *joke* to me!

Certain that my senses were failing me, I turned to the next page to console my already troubled mind. Here I was greeted by a selection of poems, written in beautiful and mellow words, with Claude Peacock's name attached to the anthology. I cast the paper aside and walked thoughtfully down the street.

A picture of a pretty girl pausing for refreshment lured me into a nearby drugstore for a coca-cola. The day was warm; and as I sat back sipping elegantly, I saw a sign which read, "Proprietied by Bill Harrison and Jerry Frick." Well, I was getting rather accustomed to the idea by now, and I smiled as I thought of how they used to fix our cokes back in Spencer.

Leaving the drugstore, I soon came to the outskirts of town, where I saw a large building under construction. I heard a person nearby remark about the fine job Mr. Livengood was doing on the building. So, Pete's math was coming in good after all!

The next thing that attracted my attention was a large school. It was just an ordinary school, like those that all cities and communities have, and I probably would not have given it a second glance if I had not seen something a little familiar-looking about it. I had to look a second time to be sure what it was. No, it couldn't be, but it surely was! Joyce Weant, along with Jean Young and Virginia Eller and several other less familiar individuals, was walking slowly up and down the streets carrying a sign reading, "Better Wages For Teachers." I had been reading much on the teachers' salaries, but I did not know that such a grave crisis had been reached. The determined look on their faces told me that they *really* meant business.

Wishing them the best of luck, I boarded a bus and rode back to town, thinking how times had changed. It seemed not more than a year since we had been back in school together. Making plans, going to the Junior-Senior, graduation, diplomas! Then had come the "au revoir." We had tearfully said goodbye and gone forth to seek our fortunes.

The bus stopped with a sudden jerk at the next corner, where a huge hospital stood majestically. Two nurses boarded the bus and approached me. I was pleased, as well as surprised, to recognize "Meatball" and Elaine, who were now head nurses at this hospital. It certainly did not seem a very long time ago that they were both nurses' aides at Rowan Memorial Hospital.

Absorbed in thought, I did not notice that Buddy Thomason was the driver until I started to get off the bus. Wouldn't the kids who used to ride his bus like to see him now? I quite well remember how he used to bring the bus in at ten o'clock when it snowed or rained.

The entire day was before me, and I longed to rest my weary bones in a good movie. I stumbled blindly down the aisle of a huge theater and sat down quietly. A beautiful voice greeted my ears. Looking up wonderingly, I saw Monnye Shelby on the stage. I was very happy that she had been so fortunate in getting such a good position. But the picture, which flashed on the screen at this moment, interrupted my line of thought. I saw Junius Corriher, playing the role of the villain . . . as usual, surrounded by girls. I was reminded of the hours we used to struggle with high school plays, and Junius had always played his role above the swoons of the girls.

The picture ended, and the curtains parted, revealing a figure at the piano whom I immediately recognized as Donnie. I wondered where the other "Rain-drips" were, but I was too busy enjoying the music to be disturbed by such thoughts. The two most musical of my old high school class were really putting their talents to work. It was at that very second that a happy sigh drifted to my listening ears. Glancing cautiously about, I saw Pat watching Donnie's every move. Finally, with a little difficulty, I was able to get her attention long enough to learn that she was now Mrs. Bingham, and that a little Patsie shared their lives. I was convinced that they were still the "two most-in-love."

The picture ended; I made my exit. Tired from sitting, I decided to window-shop for a while. A little shop which sat back from the street promised interest. The windows were attractively designed with the latest Parisian styles, and I ventured in to get a peek at the great splendor. As I entered, I was attracted by the odor of good perfume and saw coming toward me Jean Spake, as pretty as ever. We became engrossed in conversation, and I learned that she was sole owner of the little shop. Marion Eliotte was her chief salesgirl, and Hilda Young had won much publicity modeling for her.

Reluctantly, I bade them goodbye. As I turned the corner, I was pleased to see a sign, "Modern Dancing Taught by Anne Spake." That didn't surprise me very much; neither was I surprised by the hairdresser's sign of Margaret Sells. These two girls had always had a way of getting what they wanted.

I began to wonder why the day seemed to be lengthening rather than growing shorter. Time seemed to be standing still, and I was determined to enjoy such leisure. When I thought of leisure, my mind turned to books. When I thought of books, I naturally thought of book stores. And so I went to one to get a glimpse of the best-sellers. When I asked for a novel, the man immediately referred me to Jean Harris's latest book, "Summer's End." I bought the book, although I had heard the plot a thousand times back in high school during our discussions of books we were going to write. I supposed that the other members of the class never got around to writing their books, for none of the other names looked familiar. That reminded me, I never got around to writing mine either. In a reminiscent mood, I left the book store.

I had never been to a night club before. Therefore, when I saw a "swanky" place across the street, I was just sure that "opportunity was knocking." I crossed the street, and, as I started in, I noticed the doormen were Lloyd Swicegood and Cecil Beck. They told me that Sam Ryan and Jim Nussman were operating the club. The place was one of the most beautiful I had ever seen, but I could not help thinking of how nice it would be if Pat and Sarah were here to do their "Kan-Kan" for the people, who sat at the tables sipping their refreshments and enjoying themselves. My waiter was Charles Leonard, who served me the best chocolate soda in the house. Here I learned that the affairs of the nation were in a terrible condition. Shaking his head, Charles told me that Grady Trexler was now President of the United States, with Dorothy Wheeler as his secretary. He had appointed as his cabinet members Robert Bruce, Lawrence Hall, and Edwarth Beck, who were at present cruising comfortably around in His Excellency's private yacht. Janet and Emil were physical education instructors at the University of Missouri. Bettie Newcomb and Geraline Truesdel were secretaries to Senator James Miller, former governor of the state of North Carolina; and Sarah Chunn was typing for a large newspaper in Omaha, Nebraska. Gee, but the old typing class was certainly scattered.

Having spent a pleasant hour in the club, I walked back to the street at a loss as to what to do. However, my problem was solved in a few minutes when I met Bob Moser, "the most capable" of the class. After graduating from Columbia and Oxford, and after traveling in Europe, he was a noted specialist in New York City. Asking him about the rest of the class, I was told that Sarah Brown was a professor of math at Western Reserve. James Hinkle had become a well-known Philadelphia lawyer, which reminded me that he had always had a way of talking his way out of things. I was more than ever convinced that everyone had done well for themselves.

Saying goodbye to Bob, I was beginning to wonder what to do next, when Dobbie McCarn appeared. I learned that he had taken over for John L. Lewis. (I'm sure that career started in economics class.) I really felt that I should be back in school now. Dobbie told me that he had been reading that Bob Lemmon, with ten years of army life behind him, had invented a new way of working math. He had a machine that had all the answers. One had only to push a button! Well, that sounded familiar enough. Phant Long was employed at Yackin Finishing Company, and Jackie Weant and Ralph Ridenhour were foremen at the Spencer Shops. I suppose they found their fortunes closer home.

Night had been descending as I had been talking, and I frantically wondered what to do next. I had been very pleased to see all of the class, and I was glad that they all held good positions. But I suddenly felt acutely lonely. I was the "black-sheep." A shiver ran up my spine as I realized that I was a failure. I, who was voted "most capable." Now I knew that I was "capable" only of loafing.

Someone was talking to me. Gently at first; then loudly and impatiently. I sat up and looked around. Nothing was changed at all. I was back with the class. Tillman was telling jokes. Golden was flirting with Junius. Jean was reading a magazine. Joyce and Betsy were studying, and Mrs. Tichenor was making a futile attempt to teach her French class between the intervals of waking up those who had given way to peaceful slumber. Small wonder that she was irritated! I sighed with relief. What a wonderful feeling it was to wake up and find it all a dream. However, I knew it wouldn't be long until we would go to seek "greener pastures." I didn't know what tomorrow would bring, but it didn't seem to bother me much. Let tomorrow take care of itself! I was thoroughly happy. God was in His Heaven—and all was well with the world!



# SPENCER HIGH SCHOOL





# JUNIORS

Class of '48



## OFFICERS

LOUISE LOMAX.....	Secretary
DOWD WOLFE.....	Treasurer
RUBY WYATT.....	President

*Remember  
18 miss  
study  
dark!*



NANCY ADAMS  
WALTER BAKER  
HILDA BECK  
DAVID BARKER



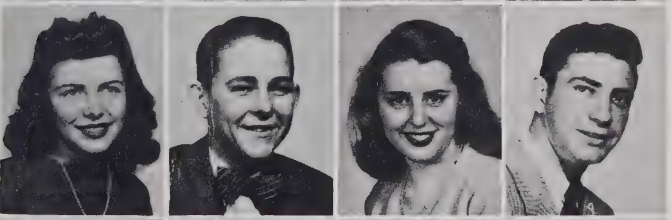
LAURA BECK  
CHARLES BRANDT  
CORENE COPE  
CHARLES BRUCE



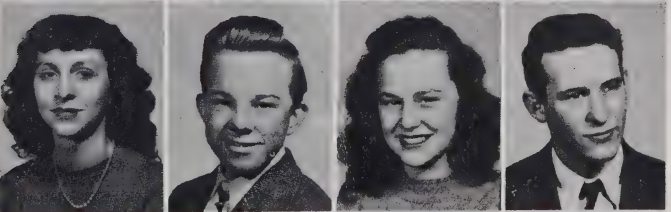
HARRIET DUNCAN  
BILL BURTON  
FRANCES FREEMAN  
GLENN CATES



PAT GEMAVEL  
CLYDE DOBY  
PEGGY GOBBEL  
CLEMENT EAGLE



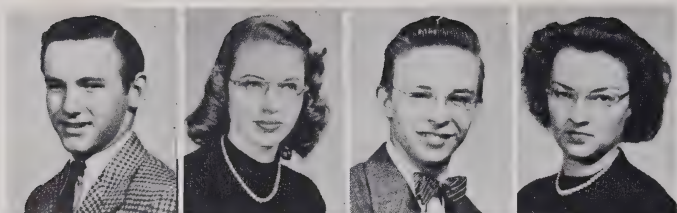
EVELYN HENLY  
JIMMIE FERRELL  
JEANETTE HOLLER  
GEORGE FOSTER



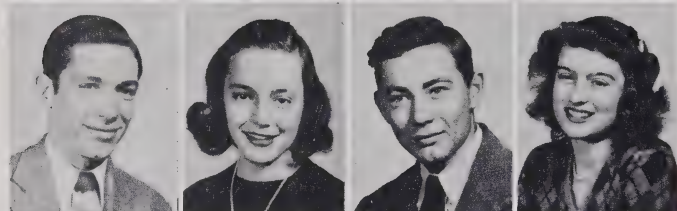
SENORA HUNTER  
HAYNE HAIR  
BETTY HUTCHINS  
BEN HALE



LOIS KOONTZ  
BOB HATLEY  
BETTY LENTZ  
JIMMY HAY



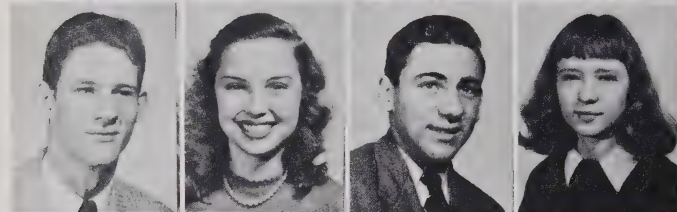
MAURICE HENDERSON  
BETTY LOFLIN  
BILL MCKINNEY  
LOUISE LOMAX



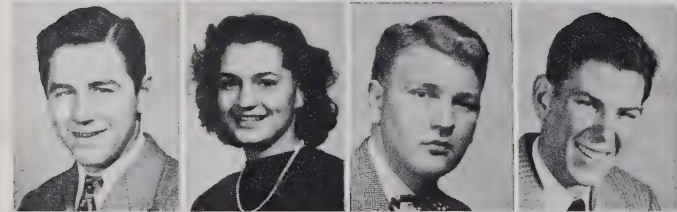
GEORGE MILLER  
DORIS MILLER  
ROBERT MOWERY  
FRANCES OLDHAM



CLAUDE PARKER  
MARGALEEN OSTWALT  
CLAUDE SEBASTIAN  
VIRGINIA PEACOCK



BOYD SIMMERSON  
NANCY SIDES  
ARTHUR SMITHEY  
VIRGINIA SPAKE



FLETCHER SPEAR  
JANE SWICEGOOD  
BILLY WALTON  
FRED WILSON



MARY FRANCES TALLEY  
R. T. WINECOFF  
EDNA ROSE TREXLER  
DOWD WOLFE



FAYE WALSER  
JERRY WOMACK  
RUBY WYATT  
BUDDY YARBROUGH





*Not nice to stare, girls!*



*Just cruising around*



*Green Freshmen*



*Ain't it good!?*



*Bobby Soxers*



*What? Books?*



*What's cooking?*



*Just loafing!*

# SOPHOMORES

CLASS OF '49



OFFICERS

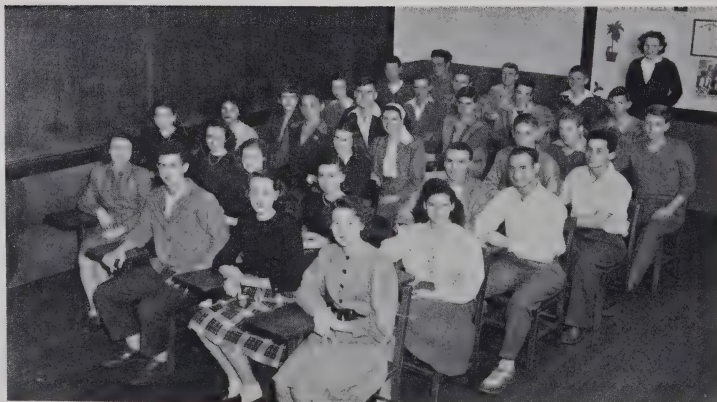


Grady Arrants, Billy Brinkley, Curtis Call, Jimmy Corriher, Bobby Earnhardt, Jimmy Grubb, Hayden Holshouser, Bobby Honeycutt, Albert Loflin, Eugene Pierce, Ronald Queen, Bobby Sells, Carl Shuping, Melvin Simmerson, Jack Swicegood, Myron Thompson, Wesley, Withers, Johnny Yarbrough, Milton Young.

Peggy Barham, Jessie Sue Burton, Barbara Campbell, Sybil DeLoach, Ramona Farrington, Minnie Honbaier, Irene Ketchie, Ethel Koontz, Anne Morrison, Margaret Pickler, Inez Ridenhour, Betty Jean Starnes, Virginia Wilson, Peggy Pridden.

Price Austin, Kirby Broughton, Floyd Coates, Bobby Eagle, Larry Elliott, Talmadge Harmon, Ray Honbaier, Tommy Kincaid, Edwin Koontz, Sam Lloyd, Jerry Moore, George Phillips, Chester Propst, Bobby Rimer, Carl Sigmon, Garland Swicegood, Harry Thomason, Jimmy Walton, Carl Wilson, Gabie Wyatt.

Sarah Barber, Margaret Beaver, Bertie Call, Betty Jean Coughenour, Betty Jean Eller, Jewel Kelly, Margaret Koone, Louise Miller, Bernice Ridenhour, Patricia Shelby, Emily Towson, Janie Watson, Sylvia Wiseman, Jean Wyatt.







OFFICERS

# FRESHMEN

CLASS OF '50

Terry Agner, Donald Barrier, Donald Beck, Tommy Brandt, Gray Chunn, Billy Eller, L. J. Eller, Jimmy Fuller, James Garvin, Fred Josey, Benny Loflin, Ned Long, Bobby Morgan, Lawrence Poteat, Kenneth Queen, Glenn Rainey, Lyle Scruggs, Hubert Shelby, Charles Shuping, A. G. Sides, Rand Spratt, Wilson Tutterow, Gene Wagner, Bobby Whisnant, Wilbur Young, Jimmy Young, James Zimmerman, Norma Albright, Mary Edith Baker, Alta Beck, Joy Britt, Ulma Burton, Johnsie Chunn, Margie Clement, Rebecca Dirickson, Mary Elliott, Arlee Elrod, Frances Green, Emma Hipert, Johnsie Lentz, Patricia Mock, Maxine Norris, Odene Ragan, Peggy Smith, Carolyn Thornton, Lorene Trexler, Edith Wilson, Rebecca Withers, Eula Warren.



Nancy Andrews, Elizabeth Brandt, Agnes Buie, Betty Chunn, Wanda Earnhardt, Margaret Harrison, Jessie Heaps, Delores Hutchins, Ann Koontz, Angelene Martin, Mazillah Murdock, Peggy Poole, Margaret Simmerson, Peggy Spears, Dorothy Swanson, Julia Thompson, Juanita Troxell, Vera Wilson, Betty Sue Young, Margie Critcher.

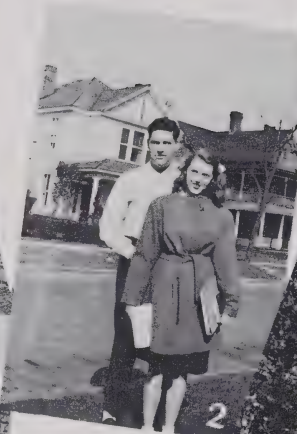
Lynn Barrier, Harold Bolick, Joe Eakins, Joseph Everhardt, Bill Foster, Charles Harmon, Tom Harris, Preston Keith, Rupert Leonard, Ralph Long, Taft McCoy, Glenn Motley, Alton Norris, Bobby Pierce, L. D. Ramsey, Eddie Ryan, John Ray Simerson, Gene Simmerson, Hayne Sims, Paul Snider, Billy Spake, Billy Tutterow, Bill Witty, Duane Wyatt, Robert Allen York, Arnold Young.



# Always Together



1



2



3



5



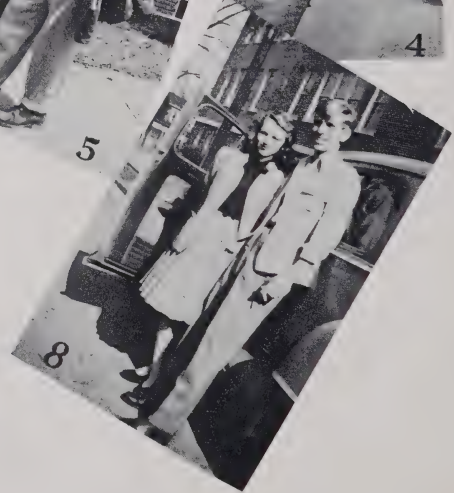
4



6



7



8



9

1—Whatza Matter, Kids?

2—Cute! Eh?

3—It Ain't Funny, Pat

4—Cut the Cabbage, "Boogie"

5—Happy?

6—"Wil" and "Mo"

7—Git 'Im, Hilda!

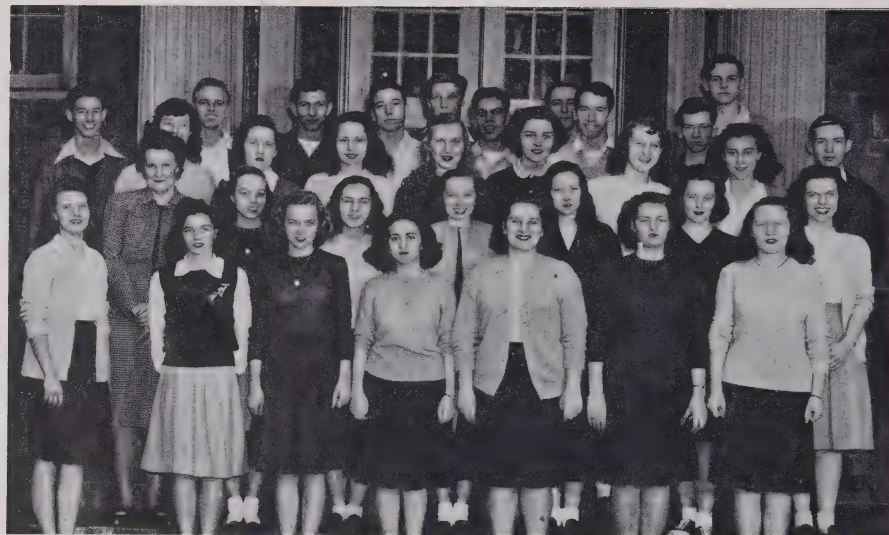
8—Bruce is Back and Jean's Got 'Im

9—Tired?

CLUBS

AND

ACTIVITIES



## STUDENT COUNCIL

Golden Sharpe, George Miller, Jewel Wilson, Gene Pierce, Peggy Barham, Laura Beck, Betty Brandt, Sara Brown, Betsy Cain, Tillman Duncan, Pat Gemayel, Jean Harris, James Hinkle, Jewel Kelly, Irene Ketchie, Pete Livengood, Louise Lomax, Bob Moser, Jimmie Nussman, Anna Poole, Vernon Ryan, Margaret Sells, Monnye Shelby, Peggy Smith, Lloyd Swicegood, Joyce Weant, Pat Bryant, Becky Withers, Ruby Wyatt, Benny Loflin, Edwin Koontz, David Barker.

## STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICERS

JEWEL WILSON.....	Secretary
GOLDEN SHARPE.....	President
GEORGE MILLER.....	Vice-President
MRS. EVELYN TICHENOR.....	Sponsor
GENE PIERCE.....	Treasurer







## BETA CLUB

Nancy Adams, Laura Beck, Sarah Brown, Jessie Sue Burton, Bertie Call, Betsy Cain, Junius Corriher, Harriet Duncan, Betty Eller, Ramona Farrington, Patricia Gemayel, Peggy Gobbel, Jean Harris, Irene Ketchie, Lois Koontz, Pete Livengood, Louise Lomax, Ann Morrison, Bobby Moser, Virginia Peacock, Eugene Pierce, Bernice Ridenhour, Inez Ridenhour, Bobby Rimer, Patricia Shelby, Nancy Sides, Jack Swicegood, Jane Swicegood, Joyce Weant, Jewel Wilson, Virginia Wilson, Wesley Withers, Ruby Wyatt, Jean Young, Patsy Bryant, Golden Sharpe, Monnye Shelby, Hilda Young, Tillman Duncan, James Hinkle.



## BETA CLUB OFFICERS

MISS PAULINE ELLER.....	Sponsor
JANE SWICECOD.....	Treasurer
BETSY CAIN.....	President
NANCY ADAMS.....	Secretary
JEWEL WILSON.....	Vice-President



## "S" CLUB

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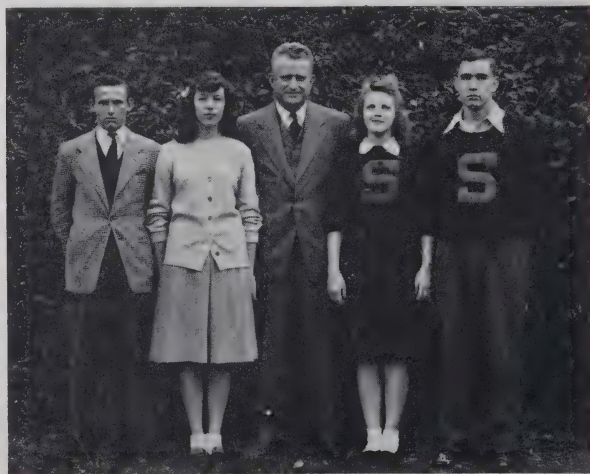
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Bobby Morgan, Bobby Moser, Gene Simerson, Gene Pierce, Billy Brinkley, Tillman Duncan, Claude Peacock, Pete Livengood, Edwin Koontz, Buddy Yarbrough, Harriet Duncan.



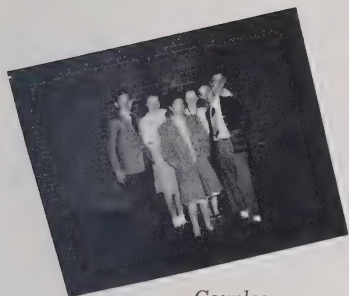
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## BAND

Gene Wagoner, A. G. Sides, Ralph Long, Bill Walton, Edwin Koontz, Claude Peacock, Gene Simerson, Jessie Barker, Betty Jean Starnes, Cary Lee Broadway, Doris Purser, Sarah Catherine Barber, Bobby Rimer, Jerry Moore, Billy Tutterow, Gene Pierce, Jack Kirby, Bobby Morgan, Wilbur Young, Virginia Wilson, Senora Hunter, Charles Bruce.







*Couples*



*Watch the birdie*



*Parlez-vous Francais?*



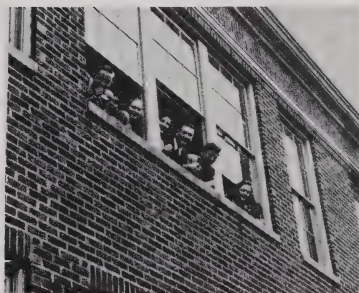
*Just waiting*



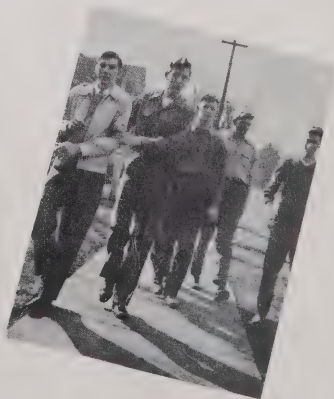
*Where there's one, there's two*



*Topsy-turvy*



*You won't make A's that way!*



*Time for study—let's go in*



*So near and yet so far*



*Nosey!*



*From one extreme to the other*



*This way, girls*



*Our Alma Mater*



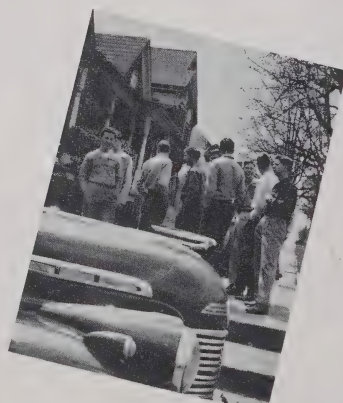
*Yap, Yap, Yap*



*The three monkeys*



*Future Seniors*



*What's happenin'?*

# **A T H L E T I C S**

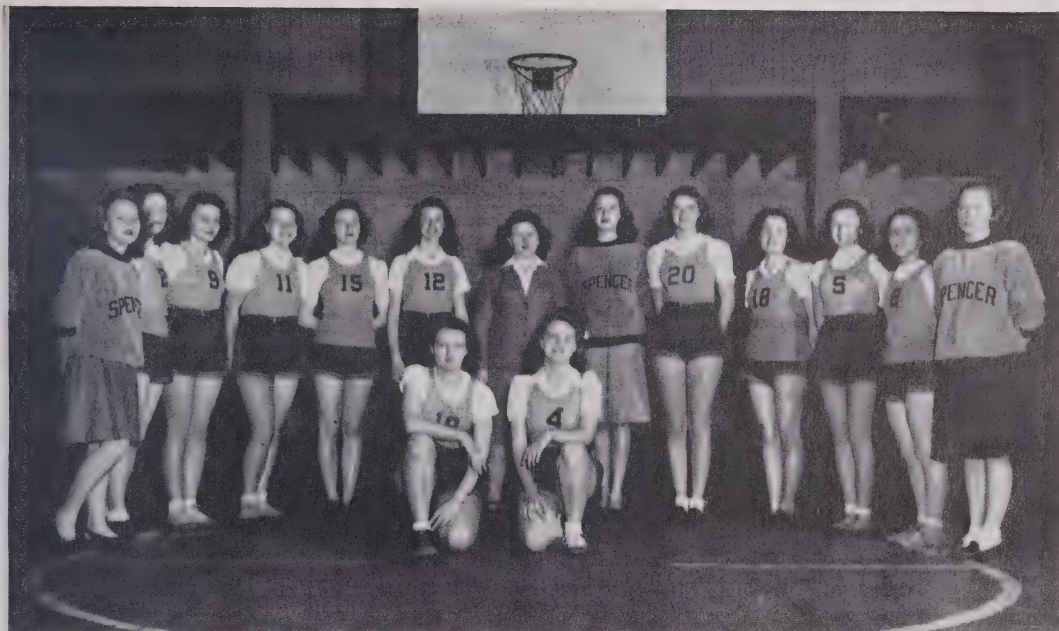


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COACH HOLT



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houser, Edward Beck, Charles Harmon, Melvin Simmerson, Fletcher Spear, Jerry  
Womack, Donald Bingham, Claude Sebastian, Arnold Young, Taft McCoy, Bill  
Witty, James Miller, Gene Pierce, Wilbur Young, Talmadge Harmon, "Dub" Sim-  
merson, Charles Leonard.



## B A S K E T B A L L

Captain Louise Lomax  
 Co-Captain Golden Sharpe  
     Jo Harrison  
     Hilda Beck  
     Lorene Trexler  
     Betty Brandt  
     Margaret Beaver  
     Sarah Brown  
 Ruth Satterwhite, Coach  
     Emily Towson  
     Janet Coates  
     Laura Beck  
 Carolyn Thornton  
     Jewel Wilson  
     Jean Harris







## VARSITY BASKETBALL BOYS

Talmadge Harmon, Walter Baker, Donald Bingham, Fletcher Spear, Wesley Withers, Maurice Henderson, Claude Peacock, Bob Moser, Lloyd Swicegood, R. T. Winecoff, Vernon Ryan, Pete Livengood, Coach Fred Holt, Claude Sebastian.

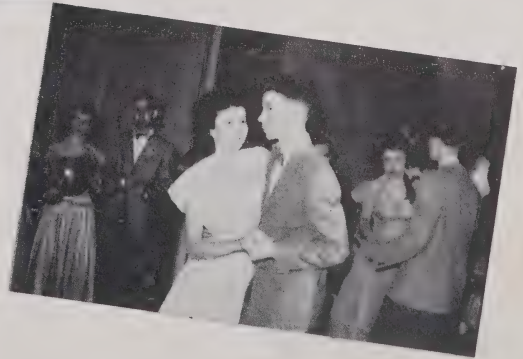
# B A S K E T B A L L

## JUNIOR VARSITY BASKETBALL BOYS

Lynn Barrier, Jimmy Hay, Jerry Womack, Myron Thompson, Jimmy Grubb, Jerry Moore, Billy Cannon, Cary Lee Broadway, Hayden Holshouser, Joe Von-Cannon, Coach Fred Holt, Jimmy Foltz, Robert Kluttz, Preston Keith, Hayne Hair.









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JOYCE WEANT

SARAH BROWN

JEAN SPAKE

ANNA JEAN POOLE

HILDA YOUNG

GOLDEN SHARPE



NANCY SIDES

FAYE WALSER

HARRIET DUNCAN

PEGGY GOBBLE

LOUISE LOMAX

PAT GEMAYEL

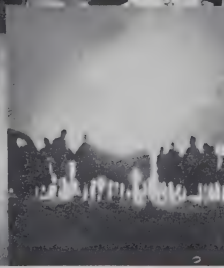




# SPORTS ROUNDUP







## *Notes*

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